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WHAT THE PUBLIC LOST.

"Girls," said Joe Henderson, looking

the whispered "One, two, three," Lily Armbrustar, who was busily crocheting a gay zephyr tidy, and the scratching of a pen over the paper as an other of the party worked diligently in the preparation of the morrow's lessons.

We were a party of six merry, lighthearted school-girls, gathered that cold March night in Mrs. Lindenmeyer's comfortable sitting room. We were insense.

fortable sitting-room. We were insepar-able friends, attending the same school, and living in close proximity to one an-other; and scarcely an evening passed without finding us assembled at the house of one of the girls, each bringing with her the lessons for the next day, to which we would devote the first honr; after these were committed to memory, we would have a pleasant chat, or perhaps a quiet game of checkers or cribbage; sometimes impromptu charades would be a proverb that says, 'Always the time by the topsenet?'' the evening's programme; and a more take time by the topsenot?""
innocent, happier assemblage could nev"Forclock," corrected Joe, with an ex

er be found. On this particular evening we had all finished our respective tasks, with the exception of Mollie Archer, whose pen was gliding rapidly across the paper as she bent over the last page. Some of the party were reading, and the others employed upon some light articles of fancy work.

"Well, forelock, then; it don't matter, they both mean the same thing," said kate, with asperity; "but that has nothing to do with the subject in hand. Lou, get some paper, and we will commence now."

Lou opened her desk, and after looking carefully through it, said in a disap-

Only one of the group was idle; this was Kate Carroll, who, curled snugly up in the corner of the lounge, was watching us with half-closed eyes. Kate scorned the insunuation that she was lazy, and would stoutly declare that no one accomplished more than she, although she owned she did like to lounge a little

in the evening.
Joe Henderson, who had uttered the sentence at the beginning of our story, was a slender girl of fourteen, with fair complexion, almost childish face, and "for, of course, one of us will have to transfer to paper the glowing words that can girls, ought to have some better object in view than affording an hour's my knowledge, ever saw it parted straight, and as Kate Carrol used to say, "The part of Joe's hair looked as if it had lost its way and was travelling first." had lost its way, and was travelling first rather a poetical sound, I think in one direction and then in another." She was clad in a short, dark brown dress, with a little blue flannel jacket thrown carelessly around her. Any stranger, to have heard her words and then giane ed at her appearance, would have laugh ed outright; but upon us, who considered Joe as an oracle on any subject, her

Lily Armbruster, the youngest of the in a sympathetic tone: "Why don't you fullywrite a book, then, Joe? I know you could:" and she slid her little hand into Joe's, and laid her head upon her knee.
Lily was a delicate child of twelve, as

fragile as the flower whose name she bore, and was petted by every one. In her eyes, Joe was a paragon of virtue, and Lily was never happy when absent from her side.

Joe smiled kindly down upon the up litted face, and said sorrowfully: "I "No," said Kate, decidedly, "I wa wish I could, darling; but I am afraid the one that proposed the book, and that my ambition is greater than my in-tellect; but if Lou Lindenmeyer would "Don't be spiteful, Kate," s: try, I know that she would succeed.' glancing at Lou, who was deep in the mysteries of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and too much interested in the fate of its little heroine to heed anything around

her; but as she heard her name mention ed, she raised her head and said inqui "Did you speak to me?" "Joe was saying that you could write book if you would try," explained Lily.
"I write a book!" exclaimed Lou. Why, I would be the happiest girl in the world if I could; but it is impossible.

roll, springing into an upright position, and clapping her hands with delight. "I know what we can do, girls; let us all Lou is hostess and the oldest of the partry together, and see what kind of a story ty, we will hear her views upon the subwe can write. It could be nothing less ject first." than grand, with so much talent employed in the production of it.

"You know the old saying about to nany cooks," said Mollie Archer, who having finished her writing, had joined the circle, and now spoke for the firs

would be the easiest thing in the world to write a novel, if every one of us would yourself, " I wrote that."

"But how would we get it publish said Lou, thoughtfully ; " would we have it issued in book form, or would we send that the secret is no secret at all, t to some periodical?"

"Well, I incline to the periodical, aid Kate, after a moment's thought "because," argumentatively, "it would be very thrilling, of course, and it would be so nice to have folks read it, and just their wickedness." as they get to the most interesting part, ould find that it was 'To be coninued.' Oh! wouldn't they be mad? I would just like to see them about that And madeap Kate fairly boune ed up and down upon the lounge, in the exuberance of her glee. "Yes, it cer-tainly must be either a magazine or a

newspaper."
"Will it be very long," asked Lily, with sparkling eyes.
"Oh, my, yes!" said Kate; "you don' appose that six heads combined would

write a short story! What do you say to my proposal, girls?"
"I can add to only for myself," Lou; "but I think it is a capital idea."
"And I;" and I," echoed Mollie and

are with the idea, if I tho ceed," said Joe; but as de

"Girls," said Joe Henderson, looking meditatively at a pile of books lying on the table at her side, "what a grand thing it must be to be an authoress; I would give all I posessed in the world to gain fame and literary honors."

We all glanced up in surprise as Joe spoke. There had been a perfect silence for the last five minutes, broken only by the whispered "One, two, three," of the last five minutes, broken only by the whispered "One, two, three," of "I think" said I bluntly "that Joe"

"I think," said I, bluntly, "that Joe is the only sensible one among you; but, of course, it you are all bent upon the undertaking, I will not say one word to

my collar and scratching my cheek. I gave her a gentle pinch to restore her equanimity, and then we all settled down

commence right off?"
"Yes," replied Kate, "there is no time

pression of horror at Kate's mistake. "Well, forelock, then; it don't matter.

ing carefully through it, said in a disappointed tone : "I can fine only one quire will that be enough to commence upon?

some more to-morrow."

Lou produced the paper, and we all drew our chairs a little closer in the cir-

cle, and assumed the dignified express-ion befitting embryo literary celebrities. "Who is to be the amanuensis?" inquired Joe, in a melo-dramatic tone

"Yes, capital; just dot that down, Joe,' said Kate, " and we will use it when oe casion requires; and I gaess you might as well do all the writing, for I am too lazy, and none of the others can write well enough."

"Why, Kate Carrol," cried Lou, "who ever said you could write better than the rest of us? You blot every per you use, and if you write the book group, who was seated on a low stool at we will have to apply the words of a cer-Joe's side, looked up lovingly, and said tain poet to ourselves, and repeat dole

"I certainly meant something, Whea first this book I writ; But dear knows what this book For I've forgotten it.""

That is the idea, but I slightly altered the words. And now I have one request to make before we commence, and it is simply this, I want the hero to be named either 'Fitzmaurice or Fitzgerald,' they are my favorite names and they have

such a romantie sound." "No," said Kate, decidedly, "I was

"Don't be spiteful, Kate," said I ; "w all know that your chirography is nothing to boast of; but that is no disgrace and if you spend the evening in disputing, we will never get the story commenced."

"Yes, do begin," impatiently exclaim ed Mollie Archer. "What is it to be about and what is to be the name of it? "One question at a time, if you please," said Joe, with an asumption of dignity as she drew her chair up to the table, and arranged paper and pen within reach of her hand, "Suppose each of us gives her a idea of what the book ought to be "Eureka!" suddenly cried Kate Car-like, and whichever we think the best we can use.'

"Very good," said Mollie: "and as

Lou spent several minutes in deep thought, and then said slowly and hesi tatingly: "How would it do to have the hero and heroine devotedly attached to one another, and on the eve of marriage a designing villain shall come forward and threaten to publish to the world a terrible secret which he has discovered in reference to the young lady's father, and will keep silence only on condition help. Oh! wouldn't it be splendid; just that she will become his wife. Fearing nagine seeing it in print, and saying to that her father will die of grief and shame if his secret is known to the world, she consents to marry him; and then in the end the hero can come forward and prove merely a plausible story invented by the villain to frighten the heroine into a mar-riage with himself? Of course it will end hapily; the lovers will get married and their enemies will be punished for

Kate had listened with gradually dening eyes, and as Lou paused she ex-claimed: "Aint you a pretty one, Lou Lindenmeyer, sitting there telling us David Copperfield' all over again, and trying to make us believe that you made it up yourself! Why, any child could see that that was nothing but the story of Agnes Wickfield and David Copperfield. I own Dickens is a pretty good author, but we don't want any second-hand plots." but we don't want any second hand plots.

"It isn't one bit like David Copper field," said Lou, indignantly, with flush ed cheeks and tearful eyes; "I compose

ed it all myself; and I think it

none of us have the requisite talent to undertake such a difficult task, as I know this would be."

"Difficult!" said Kate, scornfully; isn't herself at all, but somebody else-stolen away when she was a baby, you know. And, oh! I'll tell you what would splendid-let her fall in love with her

own brother, and just as they are going to be married she can discover who she is, and faints away at finding it out; and when she revives she can be clasped in the arms of her long-lost parents; and then she can discover that she only loved Victor St. Clair (that must be his name) as a brother all the time, and she can turn around and marry some real nice fellow that we can have all ready waiting for her in the book. There now," said Kate, triumphantly, as she paused for breath—for she had rattled out these words without a moment's hesitation—"who can ask anything better than that? But of course, we will hear what the others have to say before we decide which plot we will make use of," and she looked complacently around, as if challenging us to excel her in talent, if we could.

"That all sounds very well said Lou, who was still smarting under the imputation that she had plagiarized; "but it I write a novel, I want the heroine to have more stability of character than to love one man until the end of the book and then turn around and marry anoth-

"Why, what do you want her to do? "Why, what do you want her to do?"
retorted Kate, flaring up. "You surely
don't want her to marry her brother! But
I have just thought of a spleadid plan.
Suppose we say that, just as the lovers
are plunged in grief at finding they are
so nearly related, they discover that he
aint her brother after all, but a foundling left at the door in a basket; and, to cap "Well, I suppose we will have to make it do for to-night," said Mollie, who was impatient to begin, "and we can buy get married in style."

get married in style."
"Oh!" said Mollie, "that will be grand.
But what do you think, Joe; are you satisfied with Kate's proposed plot?

Joe hesitated for a moment, and the replied slowly: "I have no doubt it would make a very thrilling novel. But don't you think, girls, that an American say, let the heroine be a good, loving christian girl, whose noble conduct and loving self-sacrifice, through the entire loving self-sacrifice, through the entire screamed. "Home! I did know what that screamed." Home! I did know what that our readers who are striving to conquer their faults, and seeking to look above the foolish friviolities of this world to a better and brighter sphere. What a grand thing it would be if we could do even a little good in the world; and if there is any talent in our book, let it be

Joe's voice had become tremulous a she spoke, and there were tears in the eyes of all, for we all knew and sympathized with Joe's feelings upon the sub ject of religion.

"Haven't you any suggestions to make Nellie?" inquired Lou, after a few minutes' pause.

"No," replied I; "what Joe has said expresses all that I could say on the subject; and I think if we adopt that style our story will meet with a more cordial reception than a mere sensational novel would."

"O dear!" said Kate; "iust fancy me pointed out by persons as the authoress of a 'Moral Story for Young Folks.' would never dare to laugh again; and I suppose I should have to act like this," and she drew down the corners of her mouth, and, with a severe look at each of us, said solemnly: "No levity, young ladies; no levity; I can allow no jesting upon serious subjects; it grieves me to the heart to see your worldliness; if you will accept a word of advice from so humble a person as myself, I would recommend to your perusal my book, entitled 'Sweet Clover for Lost Sheep;" and the wild girl assumed such an air of mock seriousness that none of us could resist a smile at her representation of moral authoress.

Just at this moment a load ringing o the door bell startled us, and, glancing at the clock, we were dismayed to fine

it was half past nine.
"O dear!" said Lou, despairingly "there comes somebody after one of you and we shall not get our book commen ed, after all. It's a real shame."

""Twas ever thus from childhood" spouted Kate; "but we can com hour," mence it just as well to-morrow night and I guess our ideas will 'keep. It proved to be a servant sent after

Lily; and, gathering up our school books in haste, we wrapped our shawls and hoods around us, and all scampered off for nine o'clock was the hour at which all good children should be at home-at

least so our parents thought. As we separated, Kate said: "We wil pertainly write our book to-morrow night; so in the meantime you can all try to think of something excruciatingly funny to put into it;" and, with the expectation of seeing each other the next

evening, we parted. How often it occurs that when seems bright and beautiful around us, when our hearts are bounding with de light, and when sorrow or trouble seems some far-off phantasm of the imagination, that a gulf will open at our feet, and ourselves planged in the maelstrom of grief or misfertane; and those who bright eyes and cheerful taces proclaim unimpaired health, may, by some accident or misfortune, be brought in a few hours to the verge of the grave.

The next day was cold and at

At last she began to recover, and now another trial awaited us. Lou Linden-meyer's father heard of a lucrative position in the West, and as he had for a long time thought seriously of moving to one of the Wesfern States, he decided that a better opportunity would never offer, and after a few weeks' preparation, the family left for a far distant State.

Lou was almost broken-hearted at leav ing all the triends whom she had known and loved for so many years; and it was with many tears and sobs that we saw

Lily Armbrustar moved to a different part of the city, and our pleasant party

was completely broken up.

Kate's health returned slowly, and during her convalescence she had time to turn her thoughts to subjects that she had hitherto disregarded; and on her recov-

I am sorry to say "Our Novel" was never written, and the public little dream what they have lost. No doubt it would have created a sensation in the literary world: but, alas-

"Of all end words of tongue and pen.
The sub-lest are these: "It might have been."

A Beautiful Castaway.

A correspondent of the New York what he saw in one of the wretched tenement houses, which abound in the me

As we passed up the stairway we me a fair young girl poorly clothed and hag-gard from debauchery. Her long, flowing, flaxen hair, blue eyes, fine white leeth, good features, and slender grace ful figure looked strangely out of place amid such surroundings. The detective suddenly grasped her arm. She stopped and turned toward us with a startled expression. "What have I done? Do you want me?" she gasped. "No, Mag. But what are you doing here? Do you live here now?" he asked. "No, sir. I only stayed here this morning. I don't line anywhere. I only stay, you know. I was out all night, and Mrs.—up stairs let me lay on the straw for a little sleep," she answered. " Why don't you go home, Mag? What are you knocking around such a place for? You are a decent look-

was once. But now, now-pshaw, what's the use? Let me go, please!"
There was a wild light in her eye and tone to her voice, and a tremor in her features, that rooted us to the spot and

brought tears to our eyes. "Work-didn't I try to work, and didn't they find out what happened me, and wasn't I called a , and discharged from every place? No one would give me a chance, and when I first went home didn't my uncle tell me to clear out and go to —? and that's the only place I can go to!" she continued, with a half-hysterical laugh. "Never mind, Mag; be an honest girl and do the best you can," said the officer, and she disap-

seared down the stairs with a bound. An old woman was leaning over the banisters, and overheard our conversation. She turned toward us as we read ed the next landing, and said: "There was a good nice, girl once. But she came here from the country for work, and she was looking for lodging at night, when two men told her to come in here and they would show her a cheap boarding house. When she got in a dark place they knocked her down. She didn' make much noise, and you can guess the rest yourselves. Those two devils left her most dead faint, and since then she's gone from bad to worse." "Can this be true!" we asked. "True! Why you needn't wonder at any kind of deviltry that happens in these places. If you traveled around this ward much you'c hear a great many strange stories!" re

A FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNARE .- A Mir nesota paper, the Lanesboro Herald, of July 4th, says: "Last week Sunday, as : Norwegian girl, living some four miles from this place, was walking along the road, she passed directly in front of, and close to, a huge rattlesnake that was just coming out of the grass into the read. This unceremonious action seemed to make his snakeship very wroth, and he immediately sounded the battle alarm by rattling his gong. The girl well knew the sound, and turned to ascertain the location of her ugly foe, which she soon did, and, instead of ranning, screaming or fainting, looked about for something with which to defend herself. She could find nothing, nor had she a long time to look, for the snake, with eyes glistening, rattles in motion, mouth wide open, and his tongue darting back and forth, was his tongue darting back and forth, was close upon her. But she was pluck to the back bone, and did not propose to the back bone, and did not propose to than eighty feet below your boat, the exthe back bone, and did not propose to surrender the field without a fight—in fact, retreat was out of the question, for the snake was now within arm's reach of her-so, keeping her eye steadily on and all prismatic collors of the rainbow, the snake's head, she commenced the light with her foot, moving it back and forth, up and down in every direction, the make following the motions with his head to get a chance to bite. The performance lasted but perhaps a minutehours to her-when, by a quick move-ment, she got the advantage, and down came the foot and heavy shoe upon the snake's head, where she held him until he was dead. She found a stone and pounded off the rattles, and she says it vas the largest rattlesnake she ever saw.

Female Influence and Energy.

of the surprise of every one, united herself with the church. She is still a merry, light-hearted girl, but her wild spirits are toned down, and her expression betokens a mind at peace.

of the softer sex, and give such intrepiding the opening, it is only necessative and times approaches to sublimity. Notice the light to the opening, and the other to reflect the light to the opening, and the other to reflect down into the water. Light may be thrown fifty or a hundred rising in mental force to be the comfortoak, and has been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by is the ornament and dependent of man in his happiest hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding her self into the ca-resses of his nature, tenderly supporting the dropping head and binding up the broken heart.

> A LADY ASCENDS FOUR MILES IN A BALtoon, Alone.-The Utica, New York, Herald says: "Professor Squire gives a thrilling account of the ascension made at Poughkeepsie on the Fourth. Pro-Miss Thurston went up in another kal-loon at the same time. The two started together from Poughkeepsie. Squire ascended nearly to the clouds; then seeing that Miss Thurston was not follow-ing him very fast, he descended, intending to tell her to throw out ballast. Before he could get near enough to give any directions, she cast overboard the almost instantly." Squire allowed the ight of the earth until over Hyde Park. four miles above Poughkeepsie. Then he threw out sand and went up through the clouds into the clear sunlight. He says he must have ascended nearly half a mile above the clouds before he caught sight of Miss Thurston's balloon. This balloon was then far above him, and look ed "no larger than a gentleman's hat." Of course he could not see the lady at all at that distance. He is of the opinion that the lady was at least four mile from earth. She says that the air was so cold and rare that the pain in her cars and eyes was so great that she could only pull the valve cord by winding it aroun her arm and throwing her weight on it Miss Thurston, who, by the way has an other name in society, is nineteen years of age, well educated, and a student at a prominent institution of learning. None of her friends, save her mother, kner that she was to try to manage a balloon alone on that day. She is the niece of a late balloonist, in his day the most daring in the country, and has made about twenty ascensions with him during his This was her first trip alone. has long been acquainted with Professor Squire, and it is more than probable will igain make another ascension under his

direction during the season. A REMARKABLE SPRING .- Silver Spring, Florida, is one of the greatest curiosi ties in the South. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile portion of the State. It bubbles up in a basin near one hundred feet deep, and about an victory will surely be yours. You aere in extent, sending from it a deep strike home! The shortest road top stream from sixty to one hundred feet is the bloodiest one. You can wide, and extending six or sight miles your own terms by guining the battle to the Ociawaha river. In the spring on our enemy's soil. quite a fleet. The spring thus forms a al welfare, and sincere thanks for your natural island port, to which three steam-ers now run regularly from St. Johns, making close connections with the ocean steamers at Pilatka. The clearness of overyour friend, C. L. Vallaspionau. the water is truly wonderful. It seems act form of the smallest pebble, the out-line and color of the leaf that has sunk, are reflected. Large fish swim in it, every scale is visible, and every movement distinctly seen. It you go to the spring in a boat, you see the fissures in the rocks from which the river pours apward like an inverted cataract.

ried; and which is, of course impossible - that at the time of hymenial contract the man was thirty-five years old and the girl five; which makes the man seven times as old as the girl. They live together until the girl is ten years—this makes him forty years old, and four times as old as the girl; they live until she is fifteen, and the man being forty-five—this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is thirty -this makes the man sixty-only twice as old. And now, as we haven't time

I have noticed, says Washington Irving, that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his well, eistern or pond of water by the situation in the world than a single one, use of the common mirror. When the and relieved by domestic endearment, that the reflected rays of light will fall and self-respect kept alive by finding into the water. A bright spot will be that although all abroad be darkness and seen at the bottom so light that the humiliation, yet there is still a little smallest object will be shown plainly. world of love at home, of which he is a By this means we have examined the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt bottoms of wells fifty feet deep, when to run to waste and self-neglect, to fall to half full or more of water. The smallruins, like some deserted mansion, for est straw, or other objects, can be per want of an inhabitant. I have often teetly seen from the surface. In the had occasion to remark the fortitude same way one can examine the bottom with which women sustain the most of the ponds and rivers, it the water be over-whelming reverse of fortune. Those disasters which break down the winds or rapid motion. If a well or spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies building so that the sunlight will not been all weakness and dependence, and yards to a precise spot desirable, and alive to all trivial roughness while treading prosperous paths of lite, suddenly ror with success to reflect light around the rising in mental force to be the comfort-house to a shaded well, and also to carer and supporter of her husband under ry it from the south window, through misfortune, guarding him, with un-shrinking firmness, from the bitterest der the north side of the house. Half a blast of adversity. As the vine which dozen reflections of lighs may be made, has long twined its tolinge about the though each mirror diminishes the britancy of the light. Let any one not familiar with the method try it, and he will the thunderbolt cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered bough; so, too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who but which may have been a frightful source of disease by its decay in the wa-

The Adulteration of Tea.

The British consul at Shanghai has reently made an interesting report on the na, which report has just been presented in parliament. The British consul, Mr. Medhurst, says that the villagers near Foo Chow and other places have planted the banks of the creeks with willows, fessor Squire went up in the Atlantic. A the young leaves of which are collected in the spring, and so successfully and ingeniously manipulated as to make them resemble genuine ten leaves. The willow leaves thus treated, are then conveyed to Shanghai and mixed with the real tea, in the proportion of from ten to twenty per cent. It is, however, stated that for many years the poorer classes of Shanghai have drank the infusionof wilcontents of one sand bag; this was follow leaves instead of tea, the latter being lowed immediately by the contents of too expentive for their use. According another. She then went into the clouds and out of sight of her fellow aeronant, and out of sight of those on earth, of willow leaves mixed with the teathat was course. Professor Squire says, "she exported from Shanghai. The flavor of that of any known variety of tea, but the use of the infusion obtained from them, it is stated, does not produced any njarous effects. In this respect, therefore, willow leaves are preferable to the poisonous rubbish sold in the great tea markets of London under the name of "Maloo mixture." The English journals report the seizure, in the port of London, of a vessells containing a cargo of two hundred thousand pounds of spurious Congou tea. The authorities state that the measure was adopted to prevent the "poisonous compound" from being

sold to the public. The following letter was written in 1864 to Col. Inshall, of the 8th Alabama regiment, while Vallandigham was in the

outh: ay that you believe me to be a friend of the South in her struggle for freedom. My feelings have been publicly expressed in my own country, in that quotation from Lord Chatham—"my Lords, you cannot conquer America." There is not a drop of Puritan blood in my veins. I hate, despise and defy the tyrannical government which has sent me among you for my opinions ake, and shall never give it my support in its crusade upon your institutions. But you are mis taken when you say there are but few such in the United States, North, Thousands are there who would speak out but for the military despotism that strangles them. Although the contest has been, and will continue to be, a bloody one, you have but to preserve, and the victory will surely be yours. You must strike home! The shortest road to peace

native of Willstown, Vt., who has de voted ten of his forescore years to the dial marks the second, minute, hour and day of the week, month, and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a m time-piece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrating po accurate time; with this there is lightful murical apparatus, which playe an air at the end of each hour, and it is ending with the "Dezolog tional holidays the aim are patriotically with "Yankou This wonderful time-piece This wonderful time-piece inches wide and ten deep, and is lished with profess at

carde are the